

The More Human Than Human Affair

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Summary: Napoleon Vs. Illya or is everything as it seems?

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> THE MORE HUMAN THAN HUMAN AFFAIR

> by Kei Smart

>
 How long had he been running?

>
 No idea.

>
 It was as if he had been running...fighting...from the moment his eyes had opened upon birth. That didn't make any sense...did it? And it certainly wasn't possible...and yet...he couldn't remember the situation being any different. An eyebrow arched in ill-suppressed frustration as he checked the magazine of his U.N.C.L.E. Special -one shot left.

>
 Damn.

>
 He didn't have much time. His partner -partner???- was close...too close...he was sure of it. Gunning for him. As certainly as he himself had to kill the man he had once called "friend".

>
 Friend...? Enemy. Kill.

>
 No choice.

>
 Why?

>
 A sigh escaped his tightly pressed lips as he forced himself to his feet. Eyes warily shifting from left to right, searching, Napoleon Solo began to run.

>

>
 Know Your enemy.

>
 Find him.

>
 Kill him.

>
 Those were the three precepts that had guided him on this mission. Three precepts that had never failed him before. Before..?

>
 Before what?

>
 That was indeed the question -before what?

>
 Ice blue eyes narrowed as he studied the clip of his U.N.C.L.E. Special for a moment longer before snapping it back into

place -one round left. The Russian expletive escaped his mouth as a harsh whisper. Again came the question -before what?

>
 Damned if he knew.

>
 As far as he could remember, he had been running and fighting his enemy as long as he had drawn breath. Strange. Enemy...friend...enemy -the words had begun to twist around each other in his mind, clashing struggling...everything muddled. Nothing clear.

>
 How it had all come to this, he did not know -nothing made any sense ...nothing except that he had to kill his partner...his friend...his enemy.

>
 Illya Kuryakin cursed again, almost out loud this time, as his eye was caught by the slightest shifting among the darkness-shrouded buildings.

>
 It was time to make an end.

>

>
 They recognized each other long before either fully emerged from the shadows. Eyes of dark brown locked on eyes of cold blue, neither man moving until: "Why do we have to do this?"

>
 "I do not know -we just do."

>
 The dark eyes closed momentarily as if with pain. "We don't have to do this, Illya."

>
 There was the slightest change of expression; a plastic mask covering the anguish beneath. "We do, Napoleon -that is our purpose...to destroy each other. No choice."

>
 "No. There is a choice, Tovarisch -we're friends."

>
 "Da..." came the quiet reply as the gun in Kuryakin's hand began to tremble ever so slightly. "We are friends...but our purpose is to be enemies."

>
 Solo's own weapon began to shake. "I know."

>
 Both guns were raised -they had both known that it would ultimately come to this moment. Kill. The. Enemy. There was a double explosion as both triggers were depressed even as both barrels were turned...on themselves. And two men crumpled to the ground, twin pools of liquid red spreading before each of them as with fading strength they each feebly reached out with one blood-stained hand, fingers interweaving and clasping tightly, their lips moving with the same whispered words.

>
 "My...friend...love you..."

>

>
 "All right! What the HELL just happened here!"

>
 Bright, sterile lights blanched artificial night into false day as the virtual reality staging area and its holographic simulation of a delapidated cityscape was replaced by a series of blank grids and screens.

>
 An uneasy murmur rumbled through the gathered audience as the lieutenant commander of T.H.R.U.S.H. Central stomped towards the central staging area, his blazing eyes locked on the white lab-coated engineer who stood rooted to the spot. "Five-hundred million dollars! Five-hundred million dollars for the best in cybernetics and virtual reality generators to create combat situations and to study the enemy and your puppets end up killing themselves!"

>
 The head of T.H.R.U.S.H.'s sciences' departments stared at the two crumpled android forms -the simulation had been run five times before the lieutenant commander's unannounced arrival and he could have (didn't dare) told him what the results would be -just some variation of what they had all just seen. "I...I don't know why it happened. We've programmed the replicants with everything we know of U.N.C.L.E. agents Solo and Kuryakin's professional and psychological files to create a more realistic simulation, but..." He let his words

fade into silence.

>
 "Shit." The lieutenant commander shook his head in disgust.
"When high command hears of this... Look, just patch up your toys
there and keep at it until they do work! Or it's all our heads!"

>
 "Yes, sir," came the meek reply as one of the five lab
assistants struggled to pry apart the tightly clasped mechanical
fingers. The head of T.H.R.U.S.H.'s science departments sighed aloud
-the plan was perfect...his creations were perfect... The simulation
should have worked like a charm and he had no idea why it hadn't.

>
 Why couldn't life be easy?

>

>

> **The End?**

>

>

End
file.